

Another 90 Degrees

by Mrs Spooky

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Summary: Post-Requiem, Scully thinks about what her life has become

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>
 Author: Kathleen Anderson (mr_and_mrs_spooky@yahoo.com)
> Rating: PG-13
 Disclaimer: None of the characters mentioned
below belong to me, they all belong to Chris Carter and 10-13
Productions.
> Spoilers: Have you seen from all thingsi onwards? Yes? Then you're
good to go :)
 Archive: Anywhere
> Summary: Another post-Requiem vignette. Scully takes a few moments
to think about what her life has become.

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It's becoming unbearably hot in the office. I already bitched at Skinner about the lack of air conditioning. He merely gave me a tolerating, sympathetic look and told me that he had a guy coming in to look at it. I get the distinct impression that this guy is fictitious. I think he's becoming immune to my attitude. In fact the way Skinner and others regard me now is vaguely reminiscent to the way they treated Mulder.

I sometimes consider my situation as if this were a circle. I started out as Special Agent Dana Scully investigating a possible UFO crash with my partner. I didn't take any crap from anyone but I had been polite about it. Things slowly progressed 90 degrees, I began to develop an attitude, as my mother put it. I figured I had a right, I'm pregnant and the baby's father is off cavorting in outer space with little grey men! Now I have reached 180 degrees and things are becoming dangerous. I have become Fox Mulder, albeit a pregnant, redheaded version of him. I sit alone in the basement, with my precious "I Want To Believe" poster, hunched over some dusty case

file or tirelessly scouring the Internet for any leads as to Mulder's whereabouts. I immediately cop an attitude with anyone who disturbs or displeases me. Soon I hope to progress another 90 degrees and become a nicer person, but that will have to wait. And finally when my baby is born and I'm reunited with Mulder, I will return to my former self.

Skinner had suggested a temporary (with emphasis on temporary) partner for me but I immediately shot that idea down. I didn't want to bring another person into the tangled web Mulder had woven, for my sake, his sake and ultimately for the baby's sake. I was fine with working with the Lone Gunmen and Skinner. I had my mother for emotional support and encouragement and the memories of happier times. Things had been wonderful leading up to the phonecall from Billy Miles...

I think I had wholly surprised when I said no to him on the topic of going to England to witness crop circles. I'd felt mildly guilty about my abruptness with him but I quickly got over it when I faced Daniel again. That sudden encounter with my past was enough without that lady, Colleen from the Taoist Society and that blonde woman. My life was forever changed within the Buddhist Temple that the blonde woman lead me to. In fact, I was so channgned that the woman morphing into Mulder failed to even phase me.

Thinking back on it now, inviting Mulder to have tea could possibly have been the best and yet the worst thing I could have done. Part of me felt confident to take our relationship to the next level while the other part told me that things were fine the way they were. The former won out. I found myself at Mulder's place sitting on the sofa with him, talking. I told him every detail of what had happened. He was very understanding and even offered up some theories of him own. Anyways, I guess I fell asleep on his sofa and sometime later found myself in bed with him, effectively eliminating that pesky unresolved sexual tension for once and for all.

At first I wasn't sure if that night had changed things for better or worse. Mulder seemed quite distant and I was beginning to have serious doubts. But then we had the encounter with those horrid tabacco beetles. A close call on Mulder's life was all it took to get our relationship back on track. Then, the memories of a filming of a certain movie called the Lazarus Bowl resurfaced with the awful premier. I'm not sure why seeing Garry admitting his onscreeen love for Tea scared Mulder so much. But he stormed out of there, making a big scene. I wasn't about to follow immediately so I waited until the movie ended then joined him on the set. To my horror I giggled while talking to him, but then we decided to go out and paint the town, all on the bureau's dime. After all that excitement things at work became pretty mundane, that was until we met Lesley Stokes and that damned genie.

My poor invisible body. I loved that thing and I think I finally understood how Mulder felt much of the time when I went to display the body and it was gone. I was embarrassed to the core. Mulder tried to sooth me but I could tell his mind was elsewhere. Then Mulder unrolled Jen and became almost enamoured with her, it was "Jen this, Jen that" The fool actually went around humming the theme from "I Dream of Jeanie" I almost decked him when I heard him humming that tune after we made love one night. But of course, Mulder being the kind hearted man that he is, freed Jen and then forgot about her. I

remember the day we finally got rid of her, Mulder had invited me over to watch a movie and drink some beer with him. I recall telling him that I was "fairly happy" I couldn't bring myself to tell him that I was nearly ecstatic with joy over how well things were going. That was pretty much the last happy memory I have.

I'm feeling the need to wear less clothes. It's bloody hot down here but I've been crying and don't want to face the real world. Down here in the basement, I have Mulder. I'm never alone when I'm here. Upstairs there is no Mulder. Upstairs I become just another object to be pitied and babied. People assume that because I'm pregnant that I'm some sort of freaking invalid. As I pass other agents in the halls, they give me suspicious looks, when I walk down a sidewalk people will smile at me and even stop to ask me when the baby's due. I want to be alone, or with Mulder.

Eventually I feel as though I'm going to drown in my own perspiration if I remain downstairs any longer and make the trek upstairs. It's really no cooler up there so I head outside. People are swarming around me like bees around a giant flower. I wish sometimes that I could just stop time and walk around these people, taking a good look at their faces. It would make me feel like I was less alone, these people around me are nameless, faceless entities. Their chatter is endless, sounds continually assault my ears: cars, buses, babies crying, kids yelling, business men on their cell phones...they all blend into one harmonious hum. I close my eyes and when I open them I will them all to be gone. I want to be standing here, on this sidewalk alone.

Maybe I've lost it, I don't know. I think differently now that Mulder is gone. Perhaps it's the baby talking for me, maybe she's somehow connected to my brain, sending electrical impulses which tell me how to think. I have stopped analyzing things scientifically, I sort things in my brain depending on how they make me feel. The things which I have sorted will go into two main categories: before disappearance and after disappearance. Things which make me happy will go into the before disappearance slot and things which make me sad go into the other. The categories break down from there into little subcategories and those subcategories break down even farther.

My brain is as tangled as the web Mulder wove. It would take a practiced spider over a year to spin a web as tangled as my brain. Occasional thoughts will get caught on the sticky silk within my mind and refuse to leave. One such thought is the thought that maybe Mulder will never return. Maybe this child, our daughter will never know her father, maybe I will never feel Mulder's touch on my skin again, never hear his voice or never smell his familiar again. The thought tears me up inside, ripping holes through my heart as well as various other vital organs.

A cool breeze has picked up, reminding that I am standing outside surrounded by those faceless beings. I look up to the sky, feeling the warm sun beating down on me and wonder if Mulder can see the sun from where he is now. I wonder if he's thinking of me right now, maybe imagining pulling me close to him, kissing my neck and pressing his lips against mine. I wonder if he remembers what it feels like to have our bodies joined, my tears falling upon his face, whispering words into my ear. I wonder if he even knows my name.

I tell myself that it's time to go back inside and will my feet to move. Right, left, right, left, I have to tell myself to walk. I'm surprised that I still remember to breath most of the time. Right, left, right, left, extend hand, push door, right, left.

"Agent Scully!" Someone's calling my name..."Agent Scully!" there is it again. Forcing myself to look up I see Skinner moving at a fast pace towards me, hollering my name. He seems awfully excited about something. I feign interest and respond to his calls.

He's back. That's all I can think, another thought is caught by that web in my brain. It seems to be residing in the spot that was recently vacated by the thought that he might never return. I'm sitting in the passenger's seat of Skinner's car, preparing myself to see him again. I have so much to tell him. I can feel myself turning.....another 90 degrees.

End
file.